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whence it emerges in a north-westerly direction, bearing towards two high prominences, called the Krub, at the base of which lies the track that conducts to Ghadamís. The Shaabeh and Krub are noted haunts of the Shaanbah robbers. From the Krub the palms of Ghadamís are just perceptible, displaying a dark streak in the horizon; and, as you gradually approach this oasis, the soil undulates over thick layers of gypsum.

*Concluding Remarks.*—The distance from Tripoli to Ghadamís, as computed according to my measurements, is 320 geographical miles, the whole journey having occupied 17 days, exclusive of stoppages. This route is not the shortest, but, from the fact of its being less exposed to the incursions of the Algerian robbers, is preferred by caravans to the more direct one of Seenawan and Hraba, an easy journey of 10 days, and which I suppose to be some 250 miles long, at an average rate of 25 miles per diem. My journey may be deemed a fair rate of caravan-travelling in winter, giving as daily average 18 miles in 8 hours, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles per hour.

A remarkable feature in the geological structures of this part of the Sahara is the numerous shells and other organic remains with which it abounds. These are observable in the vicinity of Tlagsheen and in the neighbourhood of Derge; the localities in which they exist presenting more or less marks of sterility.

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X.—*Notes from a Journal kept during a Hunting Tour in South Africa.* By HENRY S. GASSIOTT, Esq.

Communicated by Colonel SYKES.

Read March 22, 1852.

THE few remarks I now offer to the Royal Geographical Society will, I trust, be viewed with some indulgence, as my recent visit to Southern Africa was never intended in my own mind to be one of geographical research. The few observations which I have now to present to the Society may, however, be of some service in the guidance of future travellers.

On a recent map, kindly given to me by Mr. Arrowsmith previous to my departure from England, I marked my course by compass, taking 3 miles per hour as the speed of a regular bullock-waggon. This was entered in a rough journal which I kept, from which I have made extracts, comprising the particulars contained in the present paper.

I left London in the 'Agincourt,' accompanied by two friends, on the 19th of July, 1850. We arrived at Cape Town on the 20th of September, when we had the mortification of being in-

formed by a gentleman who had just returned from the interior, that, in consequence of the disturbances with the Boers, we could not proceed on our intended route. Fearing to lose the season, we then chartered a small vessel to Angra Peguina. We landed here in a large bay surrounded by sandhills, extending, as I afterwards ascertained, for some miles into the interior. Here we were detained about 5 weeks, during which we rode to a place called Bethany, in order to procure the necessary oxen.

The country in the vicinity of the sea consists of a series of sandhills, and is entirely devoid of water, with which, during the short time traders remain, they are supplied from the Cape. The beds which are marked as rivers in the maps are dry at all seasons of the year. The nearest water is about 20 miles from the bay, but very brackish, at a fountain called Viow Viowsep, from whence the country continues sandy, with a grassy defile of some miles in length, named Teiras Flat, but without water. The next fountain we meet is Quebes, so called from its stony nature (Quep signifying stone in the Namaqua language). From Quebes the country to Bethany is barren, until you arrive within about 2 miles, where some camel-thorns and willows grow. At Bethany there is a fountain of fine water, and a missionary, named Kreutzen, resides there.

Circumstances prevented our continuing the intended journey, which otherwise might have proved interesting; but I was happy, on my arrival in England, to learn that Mr. Galton had succeeded in pursuing his course in this direction.

We remained at Bethany 3 weeks. The first water on the road from thence to the southward has to be dug for about 2 feet, when it flows comparatively freely. From this place to Kardop no water can be procured, the country being rugged and full of the mimosa, as far as Hudap, a large Bushman kraal, and Hoons, which is already marked on the maps. Here we found water, but the heat was fearful, 105° in the shade. From thence we proceeded to Kaidorp Grotpoort, where we obtained an abundance of water; and 2 days' journey brought us to the Orange river, which we crossed at a part between 200 and 300 yards wide. The country from thence to Cape Town has been often truly described as miserable, with a scarcity of water and scarcely any vegetation, excepting the euphorbias and ice-plant.

On our return to Cape Town my companions separated; one returned to England, and the other is still in the colony, prosecuting his researches in the interior.\* From some information I obtained I was now induced to attempt another journey by way of Natal.

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\* Mr. Dolman, since murdered by the natives.—ED.

I once more left Cape Town, and after a long passage of 33 days (usually done in 10) I arrived at D'Urban. The bar is bad, not allowing large vessels to cross; but the coast abounds with fine timber. I only remained at D'Urban 4 days, proceeding with my bullock-waggon, which I brought from Cape Town, 14 oxen, 1 horse, 1 servant, a driver, and 2 Kaffirs, to Pieter Maritzburg, a nice-looking village, and well watered.

From this place the ground ascends by the Bushman and Tugala rivers until reaching the Drakenberg or Quathlamba mountains. These latter are of considerable elevation, taking about 4 hours for the waggon to ascend to the summit, and after about 10 miles of undulating ground we arrived at Nelson's Head, the highest point of the range.

The country now is undulating, but quite devoid of bush, for a distance of about 140 miles to the Vaal river, which, at the drift where I crossed, is about 100 to 120 yards broad. From hence the road proceeds by Suikerbosch Rand, an inconsiderable stream, flowing into the Vaal, at which place is found the first settlement of the Boers. The country is covered with grass, but is fertile in corn and well provided with cattle. The bush is scarce, but sufficient for supplying the people with fire-wood.

About here I found many farms within a few miles of each other, but afterwards for three days I met with no inhabitants until I fell in with a Boer named Erasmus, at whose place, "marked on the map," there was at that time a "lager" or Dutch camp. This consists of a circle of waggons, the interstices of which are filled with strong thorn-bushes, affording thus a good defence against attacks from the natives. Passing onwards through Darepoort I arrived at Pinner's River, flowing, I believe, into Eland River. From this I proceeded to a beautiful spot called Boukenhouts Kloof, and soon afterwards saw the Eland River. The country in this part is covered with the mimosa, and is very rugged. A herb, poisonous to cattle from the end of October to the end of November, is found here, but when fully grown in December it is quite harmless. After leaving the farm of Cobus-uys, on the Eland River, I proceeded to the station, or rather outspan, of Inkle Doorn, or "single thorn-tree," and thence to Kameelpoort, which is marked in Mr. Arrowsmith's last map; a branch of Eland River runs here. Kameelpoort is so named from the numbers of giraffes which are found here. From Kameelpoort to the N.W. I had a fine view of an extensive table-land called Macapan's Hill, distant about 50 miles. Between Kameelpoort and Macapan's Hill, to the S. of the latter, there is a place called the Bad, or Warm-bath, which is correctly given in Arrowsmith's new map. I was informed that with this exception there was no water to be found in that direction.

For the sportsman this is a most interesting spot, and every kind of animal common to Southern Africa, the elephant and hippopotamus excepted, is to be found here. From this place I proceeded through mountain passes to a farm kept by a Boer named Van Dyck, a Veldt-Cornet, with whom I remained some days. A few miles eastward of this is Moose River. With the intention of proceeding towards Delagoa Bay by the Masouasi country, I crossed Melon River—so called from the bitter water-melon which grows very luxuriantly on its banks. The river winds through a chain of mountains and discharges itself into Elephant River. Continuing my route in a S.E. direction I came to a farm belonging to a Boer named Andreas Peice, to whom I had a letter of introduction; he was unfortunately from home on a mission to Delagoa Bay, and here I was stopped, being refused permission by the Veldt-Cornet to proceed through the Masouasi country. I had now no other resource but to retrace my steps and proceed by a somewhat different route to the northward to Leidenburg, a place containing about twenty houses, a fort, and chapel; here I applied to the landrost for permission to proceed, which was again peremptorily refused. Through the kindness of a Boer I was enabled to rest my oxen, and proceed with him in his waggon to Origstadt, situated in a fertile but unhealthy spot, surrounded by mountains. I was here attacked by fever and ague, and returned to Leidenburg, whence I proceeded through Steelpoort and Magnetshoek, on an inclined plain about 3 miles long. I found the ground thickly covered with magnetic ore, of which I brought home a specimen. At Steelpoort there are numbers of shells, two of which I also brought to England.

From Magnetshoek I proceeded to Soquati's kraal. This, the principal chief of the Mantatees, furnished me with a number of his tribe to attend and assist me in hunting. The water here is detestable, and a large kind of cactus grows in great abundance. Crossing the Elephant River several times, I left my waggon and oxen under the charge of my servant, and proceeded on horseback with the driver and pack-oxen, and accompanied by eighty to one hundred Mantatees. Avoiding Zout-pans-berg, the furthest settlement of the Dutch Boers, who would in all probability have detained me, I arrived at the Limpopo, which I crossed, and which was my furthest point. The river, at this part, was about 200 yards wide, very shallow, in some parts not over the horses' knees, and alligators were abundant. Before I arrived at the Limpopo I found the bush very thick and abounding with the flies (setse) so destructive to cattle and horses, and which render travelling in this part of Africa so very difficult.

Previous to my leaving England Mr. Arrowsmith had urged upon my companions the desirability of endeavouring to trace the

course of the Limpopo to the sea, and I had not forgotten their conversations with this gentleman, but I regret that it was out of my power to collect any certain information on this point for the Society. I may, however, add that I made every inquiry in my power of the Boers, several of whom informed me that they had penetrated far into the interior; one, named Trechart, had been as far even as Sofala. They all affirmed that the Limpopo and Elephant River join each other and then flow into the ocean at Inhambane, a Portuguese settlement on the coast. At the junction the river is said to be over a mile in breadth. The Elephant River is in places very rapid, full of falls and drifts. In conclusion I can only say that much self-denial, untiring energy, and dogged perseverance are indispensable before geographical discoveries can be made in this part of Africa; and even these qualifications will be of little avail, unless assisted by subordinates possessing local knowledge of the country and of the habits of the Boers, as well as of the natives. The prejudices of the Dutch Boer are great in the extreme; he views every stranger with suspicion, and, contented with his own uncontrolled sphere of existence, he aspires to nothing beyond. His hatred to the English name, however, I found more intense even than I had been led to suppose.

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XI.—*Recent Expedition into the Interior of South-Western Africa.* By FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., F.R.G.S.

Read Feb. 23 and April 26, 1852.

MR. PRESIDENT,

A LITTLE more than two years ago, urged by an excessive fondness for a wild life, I determined to travel for a second time in Africa. I then became a Fellow of your Society, and through the active kindness of Dr. Shaw your Secretary, of Mr. Arrowsmith, and of others, I was thoroughly advised as to those geographical points which more immediately awaited inquiry, and, guided by their views, chose South Africa as the field of my travels.

I left England in April 1850, accompanied by Mr. Andersson, a Swede, to whose most active and cheerful co-operation throughout a tedious and harassing journey, I am in the greatest degree indebted. He still remains in Africa, principally with a view of investigating the natural history of the lake district, and of thence bringing home a complete collection of specimens.

At the Cape, upon the strong recommendation of Sir Harry Smith, I freighted a vessel for Walfisch Bay, instead of travelling the usual route from Port Elizabeth. The emigrant Boers had at